

AND PARTHENOPHE.
SONNETS. 367

SONNET XLVIII.



WISH no rich refined Arabian gold
! Nor orient Indian pearl, rare
Nature's wonder!
No diamonds, th' Egyptian surges
under ! No rubies of America, dear
sold ! Nor sapphires, which rich Afric
sands enfold !
(Treasures far distant, from this isle
asunder)
Barbarian ivories, in contempt I hold !
But only this; this only, VENUS,
grant! That I, my sweet PARTHENOPHE
may get!
Her hairs, no grace of golden wires
want;
Pure pearls, with perfect rubines
are inset; True diamonds, in eyes;
sapphires, in veins:
Nor can I, that soft ivory skin forget!
England, in one small subject, such
contains!

SONNET XLIX.



OoL! cool in waves, thy beams
intolerable, O sun ! No son, but
most unkind stepfather! By law, nor
Nature, Sire ; but rebel rather! Fool!
fool! these labours are inextricable;
A burden whose weight is importable ;
A Siren which, within thy breast^ doth
bathe her ; A Fiend which doth, in
Graces' garments grath her; A fortress,
whose force is impregnable ; From my
love's 'lembic, still 'stilled tears. O
tears ! Quench ! quench mine heat! or,
with your sovereignty Like NIOBE,
convert mine heart to marble ! Or with
fast-flowing pine, my body dry, And rid
me from Despair's chilled fears ! O
fears, Which on mine heben harp's
heartstrings do warble !